

11626 a 65
DOCTOR 41.
MERRYMAN,

O R,
Nothing but Mirth.

Written by S. R.



L O N D O N,
Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke,
W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger, 1681.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

DOCTOR

AMERYMAN





Doctor Merry-Man :

O R,

Nothing but Mirth.

A Citizen for Recreation sake,
To see the Country would a Journey make,
Some dozen miles, or little more,
Taking his leave of his Friends two Months before ;
With drinking Healths, and shaking by the Hand,
As if he had travel'd to some New-found-Land.
Well, taking Horse with very much ado,
London he leaves for a Day or Two ;
And as he rideth, meeteth on the way,
Such (as what haste soever) bids Men stay ;
Sirrah (says one) Stand, and your Purse deliver,
I am a Taker, you must be a Giver :
Unto a Wood streight way they hale him in,
And Rife him unto the very Skin :
Masters (quoth he) pray hear me e're you go,
For you have Robbed more then you do know ;
My Horse (in Troth) I borrowed of my Brother,
The Bridle and the Saddle of another :
The Jerkin and the Bases be a Taylors,
The Scarf (I do assure you) is a Saylors :
The Falling-band is likewise none of mine,
Nor Cuffs, as true as this good Light doth shine ;
The Sattin Doublet, and the Velvet-Hose,
Are our Church-Wardens, all the Parish knows :

Doctor Merry-Man : Or,

The Boots are *John* the Grocers of the *Swan*,
The Spurs were lent me by a Serving-man :
One of my Rings (that with the great red Stone)
In sooth, I borrowed of my Gossip *Joan*,
Her Husband knows not of it, Gentlemen,
Thus stands my case, I pray shew favour then :
Why (quoth the Thieves) thou needst not greatly care,
Since in thy loss so many bare a share ;
The World grows hard, many good Fellows lack,
Look not at this time for a Penny back ;
Go tell at *London* thou didst meet with four,
That rising thee, have Rob'd at least a score.



TWo Beggars did encounter on the way,
That had not seen each other in many a day,
Nor met together at the Hedge, (*Rogues Hall*)
As perfect *Lowsie* as they both could crawl :
Each had a Cap, a Night-Cap for the cold,
And Cloaks with patches full as they could hold ;
Great Satchel Scripts that shut with Leather straps,
And each a Dog to eat his Masters scraps ;
Their Shoes were Hobnail-proof, soundly bepegg'd,
Wrapt well with Clouts, to keep them warmer Legg'd :
Says one to th' other ; Come, hang care, let's Drink,
Our Trade is better then a number think :
For I, my Wife, and Jack, go up and down,
To make our every Day worth Half a Crown ;
Most Towns in *Flanders* I have learn'd to name,
And am a poor distressed Souldier lame ;
And sometimes I their Charity desire,
Like One hath lost all that he had by Fire.

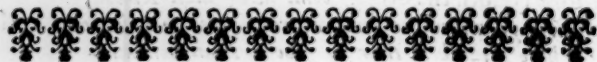
Fire.

Nothing but Mirth.

*Fire (quoth the other) come along mad Knave,
Let's go where we some watring place may have :
Where's the best Beer to give a Man content ?
I have a Penny that was never spent :
And Twenty Slaves , I Gentlemen did Name,
Before I could be Master of the same ;
To many an Ass I do the Worship give,
With Lord preserve you whilst you live ;
Now Jesus prosper you by Sea and Land,
And bless you (Master) all you take in hand.
God keep your limbs, and Lord increase your store,
I eat no Bread to day (but Drank the more)
For Christ his sake make this same up a Penny,
Thus do I angle Silver out of many :
I, when I have it for my speaking fair,
If they were Hang'd that gave it, I'de not care.*

*The other Begger Laught, and did Reply,
Roger, of that same Humour just am I.
I can afford good Speeches as well as thou,
And unto any Knave such Words allow ;
I will not want that, till my Tongue doth fail,
But prethée come, let us go find the Ale ;
I am as dry as ever was March dust,
And here's a Groat, I mean to spend it just.
Well said Old Tom, (says th' other) if thou do,
My Groat shall go, and my Tobacco too :
Although a Beggers credit be not great,
We will be Gentlemen in our conceit :
I think my self as good a Man each way,
As he that goes in's Velvet every day.
We'll spend a Crown, and drink Carouses round,
Before some Churles are worth Ten Thousand pound :
There's nothing but a pair of Stocks we fear,
I le bring thee to a Cup of tickling gear.*

Doctor Merry-man : Or,



A Money-monger choice of Sureties had,
A Countrey-fellow plain in Ruffet clad :
His Doublet, Mutton-taffety, Sheep-skins,
His Sleeves at Hand button'd with two good pins,
Upon his Head a filthy greasie Hat,
That had a hole eat thorow it by a Rat :
A Leather Pouch that with a Snap-hanch shut,
One hundred hob-nails in his Shooes were put ;
The Stockings that his Clownish Legs did fit,
Were Kersey to the Calf, the other Knit ;
And at a Word, th' Apparel that he wore,
Was not worth Twelve-pence, at *Who gives more ?*
The other Surety of another stuff,
His Neck inviron'd with a double Ruff,
Made Lawn and Cambrick both such common Ware,
His Doublet set had falling bands to spare ;
His Fashion new, with late Edition stood,
His Rapier hilt imbru'd with golden Blood,
And these same trappings made him seem so found,
To pass his Credit for an hundred pound,
So was accepted ; Ruffet-Coat deny'd,
But when time came the Money should be paid,
And *Monsieur* Usurer did hunt him out,
Strange alteration struck his heart in doubt ;
For in the Counter he was gone to dwell,
And Brokers had his painted Cloaths to sell :
The Usurer then further understands,
The Clown (refus'd) was Rich, and had good Lands,
Ready (through rage) to hang himself, he swore,
That silken Knaves should cozen him no more.

A Wealthy

Nothing but Mirth.



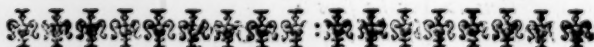
A Wealthy Mifers Son upon a Day,
Met a poor Youth, that did intreat and pray,
Something in Charity in his Distress,
Help Sir (quoth he) one that is Fatherless :
Sirrah (said he) away, be gone with speed,
P'le help none such, thou art a Knave indeed :
Dost thou complain because thou want'st a Father,
Were it my case, I should rejoyce the rather :
For if thy Father's Death cause thee repine,
I would my Father had excused thine.



A Country Fellow had a Dream,
which did his mind amaze ;
That starting up he wakes his Wife,
and thus to her he says :
Oh ! Woman rise and help your Goose,
for even the best we have,
Is presently at point to dye,
unless her Life you save ;
On either side of her I see,
an hungry Fox doth sit,
But staying upon courtesie,
who shall begin first bit.
Husband (quoth she) if this be all,
I can your Dream expound ;
The perfect meaning of the same,
I instantly have found.
The Goose berwixt two Foxes plac'd,
which in your sleep you saw,

Doctor Merry-Man : Or,

*Is your self that prove a Goose,
in going still to Law :
On either side a Lawyer sits,
and they do Feathers pull ;
That in the end you will be left,
a bare and naked Gull.
Wife, in good Troth (quoth he) I think,
thou art just in the right :
My Purse can witness to my grief,
they do begin to bite.
I do resolve another course,
and much commend thy wit,
I'll leave the Gooses part for them
that have a mind to it.
And if thou ever find that I
to Lawing Humours fall,
Let me be Hang'd at Westminster,
(Wife) I'll forsake the Hall.*

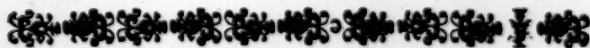


AN idle Fellow that would take no pain,
Looking that others should his state maintain,
Was sharp reproved by an honest Friend,
Who told him Man was made for other end ;
Then onely Eat, and Sleep, and Play,
To whom the Lazy Creature thus did say :
Sir, I do neer intend to labour much,
Because I see the bad reward of such
As take most pains. Horses that labour great,
Are cast into Ditches for the Dogs to eat.

A Crafty

Nothing but Mirth.

A Crafty kind of Knavish Fool,
(whereof there plenty be,)
Did break his Masters Looking-Glass,
and swore it was not he :
His Master did Examine him,
demanding who it was ?
Sir, if you'll be content, (quoth he)
I'll tell who broke the Glass ;
With that he brought him in the Hall,
to Fortunes Picture there ;
Saying, Sir, 'twas Fortune did the deed,
she ought the blame to bear.
His Master took a Cudgel then,
and belaboured him withal ;
Who crying out for mercy, down
before his Feet did fall.
Nay (quoth his Master) 'tis not I,
to Fortune you must speak :
For even she that Cudgels you,
the Glass before did break.



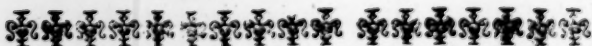
A Sort of Clowns for loss that they sustain'd
By Souldiers, to the Captain sore complain'd,
With doleful Words, and very woful faces,
They mov'd him to Compassionate their cases :
Good Sir (says one) I pray redress our wrong,
They that have done it, unto you belong ;
Of all that e're we had, we are bereft,
Except our very Shirts, there's nothing left.
The Captain answer'd thus : Fellows hear me ;
My Souldiers rob'd you not I plainly see :

Doctor Merry-Man : Or,

*At your first Speech you made me somewhat sad,
But your last Words resolv'd the doubts I had :
For they which risted you, left Shirts (you say)
And I am sure mine carry all away :
But this I know, an Errour you are in,
My Souldiers would have left you but your Skin.*



ONe Dying left Three Sons,
whom he Advice did give :
Of what Profession to make choice,
whereby they best might live.
Unto the first he said,
Law will be good for thee :
I know as long as there be Men,
some wranglers still will be :
The second he did wish,
a Cannons Life to chuse ;
For when that others weep and mourn,
why thou shalt singing use.
And to the Third he said,
Physick for thee is fit ;
For Earth will smother all the faults
Physicians do commit.



AN Old stale Widdower quite past the best,
That had nothing about him in request,
Save onely that he carried in his Purse,
Would have a tender Wench to be his Nurse.
His sight was dim, his Teeth was rotted out,
His Hands had Palsie, and his Legs the Gout :

Yet

Nothing but Mirth.

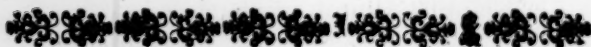
Yet he would Wench it with a dainty Maid,
Whose beauties price in all the Parish sway'd,
And had her equal hardly to be seen,
A tender young one, much about Fifteen.
This Gallant to her did a Suiter go,
With much ado, his Legs did plague him so.
Yet with his Staff a pretty shift he made,
So told her, *Cupid* had the Villain plaid
With his poor heart, 'twas wounded for her sake,
And she must needs a healing-Plaister make.
The Maid beheld him with a loathing eye,
And for his quick dispatch made quick reply:
Kind Sir (quoth she) your Suit in love with-draw,
You shall not Thatch my new House with old Straw.

A Gentleman a curious Building fram'd,
A house like those that are from Founders nam'd;
The Work-men had enlarg'd their art thereon,
Composing it a curious heap of Stone.
Being perfect finished as it ought to be,
The Founder brought his Friend the same to see:
Demanded how he liked the House of his?
Why well (quoth he) onely one fault's amiss,
And that (methinks) disgraceth all the rest,
Your Kitching is too little I protest.
O Sir (quoth he) in that you do mistake,
A reason for the same I will you make:
Of purpose I contriv'd the Kitching small,
To have my House the bigger therewithal.

A Barber and a Mower did contend,
With much ado, before their strife could end;
About the Priviledge that each did claim,
And thus the Barber did his reasons frame:

Doctor Merry-Man : Or,

Sir I am head of all the Trades that be,
For Kings must sit bare-headed unto me.
The greatest Monarchs that we find,
Puts off to me, Mower you come behind.
Th' other reply'd, Barber in vain you jarr,
I have a priviledge exceeds you far ;
For when by me the Grass with Sith is shorn,
Or that my Sickle cutteth down the Corn,
Upon the stumps I bold dare untrufs,
What Barber on his Work that dare do thus.



AN Humorous Fantastick Ass,
whose Wit and Wealth was spent,
Did in all Companies he came,
boast of his great discent :
And all the Gentlemen he knew,
unto his Blood were base,
For he could prove from Noah's great Flood,
his Stock of Royal Race.
Pray Sir (quoth one) take no more pains,
in this same worthy thing,
For it is most apparent plain,
from what old House you spring :
You may just prove your Pedigree,
from Noah unto this Hour,
Your Ancestors good Masons were,
that wrought upon Babel-Tower ;
And were I as your Worship is,
in spite of Brick-layers-Hall,
I would have Trowel in mine Arms,
a Ladder, Tray, and all.

Gentlemen

Nothing but Mirth.

Gentlemen that approach about my Stall,
To most rare Phylick I invite you all,
Come near, and hearken what I have to Sell,
And deal with me all those that are not well:
In this same Box I have such precious stuff,
To give it praise I have not Words enough:
If any Humour in your Head be crept,
I'll find it out as if your Head were Swept;
Almost through *Europe* I have shewn my Face,
And Wonders have perform'd in every place.
Behold this Salve (I do not use to lye)
Whole *Hospitals* there have been Cur'd thereby:
I do not stand here like a Tatter'd Slave,
My Velvet and my Chain of Gold I have:
Which cannot be maintained by Mens looks,
Friends, all the Town is hardly worth my Books:
There stands my Coach and Horses, 'tis mine own,
From hence to *Turkie* is my credit known;
In Sooth I cannot boast as many will,
Let nothing Speak for me but only Skill:
You see the thing like Gingerbread lies there,
My Tongue cannot express to any ear,
The sundry Vertues that it doth contain,
Or number half the Worms that it hath slain:
If in your Bellies there were Crawlers bred
In multitudes, like Hairs upon your Head,
Within four hours space, or thereabout,
At all the holes you have I'll fetch them out,
And ferret them before that I have done,
Even like the Hare that forth the Bush doth run.
Here is a wondrous Water for the Eye,
This for the Stomach, Masters will you buy?
When I am gone, you will repent too late,
And then (like Fools) among your selves will prate:

Doctor Merry-man: Or,

Oh that we had that Famous Man again,
When I shall be employ'd in *France* or *Spain*;
Now for a storer you a Box shall have,
That will the lives of half a dozen save:
My Man is come, and in my ear he says,
At home for me at least an hundred stays:
All Gentlemen; yet for your good (you see)
I make them tarry and attend for me.
If that you have no Money let me know,
Physick of Alms upon you I'll bestow:
What Doctor in the World can offer more?
Such arrant Clowns I never saw before:
Here you do stand like Owls and gaze on me,
But not a penny from you I can see.
A Man shall come to do such Dunces good,
And cannot have his meaning understood:
To talk to senseless people it is in vain,
I'll see you hang'd ere I'll come here again;
Be all Diseas'd as bad as Horses be,
And dye in Ditches like to Dogs for me:
An Old Wifes Medicine, Parsly, Time, and Sage,
Will serve such Buzzards in this scurvy Age:
Goose-Grease and Fennel, with a few Dog-dates,
Is excellent for such base lowly Mates:
Farewel, some Hempton-Halter be the Charm,
To stretch your Necks so long as is mine arm.



One came to wooe a Wench that was precise,
And by the Spirit did the Flesh despise,
Moving a secret Match between them two,
But she in sooth and sadnes would not do:
He did reply, so sweet a fair as she
(Made of such stuff as all fair Women be)

Ought

Nothing but Mirth.

Ought by the Law of Nature to be kind,
And shew her self to bear a Womans mind.
Well Sir (quoth she) you Men do much prevail,
With cunning Speeches, and a pleasant Tale:
'Tis but a jolly to be over-nice,
You shall, but Twenty Shillings is the price,
A brace of Angels if you will bestow,
Come such a time, and I am for you so:
Well, he took leave, and with her Husband met,
Told him, by Bond he was to pay a Debt;
Intreating him to do so good a deed,
As lend him Twenty Shillings at his need:
Which (very kindly) he present did extend,
And th^e other willing on his Wife did spend.
So taking leave of her, he goes his ways,
Meeting his Creditor within few days:
And told him, Sir, I was at home to pay,
The Twenty Shillings which you lent the last day:
And with your Wife (because you were not there)
I left it, pray you with my boldness bear:
'Tis well (quoth he) I'me glad I did you pleasure;
So coming home, questions his Wife at leisure.
I pray (sweet-heart) was such a Man with thee?
And did he leave Twenty Shillings for me?
She blush'd, and said, he hath been here indeed,
But you do ill to lend, Husband take heed:
The fallshood of the World you do not spy,
It is not good to trust before you try:
Pray lend no more, for it may breed much strife,
To have such Knaves come home to pay your Wife.



A Crew of Foxes were on Thieving set,
Together at a Country Hen-roost met.

Where

Doctor Merry-man : Or,

Where the poor Poultry went to grievous wrack,
For there they feasted till their Guts did crack.
Having well Supp'd, ready to go away,
Without demanding what there was to pay ;
Says one unto the rest, Friends hark to me,
Let's point where our next meeting-place shall be.
With a good will (says one above the rest)
At such a Farmers House, his Lambs be best :
Nay (quoth another) I do know a Clown,
Hath even the fattest Geese in all the Town.
Well Masters (said a grave and antient Fox,
Had been the death of many Hens and Cocks,)
The surest place to meet that I can tell,
Will be the Skinners Shop, and so farewell.



A Shepherd that a careful Eye did keep,
Unto the safety of his grazing Sheep,
Perceiv'd a Woolf thorow the Hedge did pry ;
Sirrah (quoth he) pray what make you so nigh ?
Why (says the Woolf) thou seest I do no ill,
Thy Flock is far enough upon the Hill :
What Justice now a days these people lack ?
The Crows ride boldly on the Cartels backs ;
And not a Word thou sayst to them at all,
Yet but for looking on, with me dost brawl.
The Proverb's true, for now I find it well,
Which once I heard an antient old Woolf tell,
He that upon a bad ill Name doth light,
Is even half-hang'd, as good be hang'd out-right ;
And I my self by proof can now alledge,
Some better steal, then some look o're the Hedge.

The

Nothing but Mirth.

THE Devil did complain he was not well,
And would go take some Physick out of Hell :
To *England, France, and Spain* with speed he got,
Where all refus'd him, he did burn so hot :
In haste he then to *Germany* did hie,
The cunning of a Quack-salver to try ;
Where in a Market-place upon a Stage,
He found a Fellow could all Griefs assuage :
Doctor (quoth he) I want some of thy skill,
For I do find I am exceeding ill,
And any thing for ease I will indure,
What ? wilt thou undertake my pain to cure ;
If thou canst ease the Malady I have,
Thou shalt have Gold, even what thy self will crave ?
Gentleman (said the Doctor to this Devil)
Upon my Life I'll rid you from this evil ?
Make unto me those Griefs you have, but known,
And with the curing them let me alone.
Why Sir (quoth he) my Head with Horns doth ake,
My Brains doth Brimstone-like *Tobacco* take ;
My Eyes are full of ever-burning fire,
My Tongue a drop of Water doth desire ;
About my Heart doth crawling Serpents creep,
And I can neither Eat, nor Drink, nor Sleep,
There's no Diseases whatsoe're they be,
But I have all of them impos'd on me ;
All torments that the Tongue of Man can name,
Within, without, in a continual flame.
Quoth the Quack-salver, I will undertake
A sound Man of you in a Month to make.
Wilt please your Worship, shew me where you dwell ?
Marry (quoth he) my Chamber is in Hell :
Thy Charges in thy Journey I will bear,
And I'll prefer thee to the Devil there :
With speed get up, I'll take thee on my back,
The World may spare thee, and in Hell we lack.

Doctor Merry-Man: Or,

A Bishop met two Priests upon the way,
And did salute them with the time of day :
Good Morrow Clerks unto you both (quoth he)
Sir (they reply'd) no Clerks, but Priests are we.
Why (quoth the Bishop) then I will consent
Unto the title of your own content :
Sith you deny to carry Schollars marks,
Good Morrow to you Priests, that are no Clerks.

ONe climbing on a Tree, by hap
fell down, and brake his arm,
And did complain unto a Friend
of his unlucky harm.
Would I had counsel'd you before,
(quoth he to whom he spake)
I know a trick for climbers, that
they never hurt shall take.
Neighbour (said he) I have a Son,
and he doth use to climb,
Pray let me know the same for him,
against another time.
Why thus (quoth he) let any Man
that lives, climb never so high,
And make no more hast down than up,
no harm can come thereby.

Nothing but Mirth.

AN aged Gentleman fore sick did lye,
Expecting life, that could not chuse but dye :
His Fool came to him, and intreated thus,
Good Master, e're you go away from us,
Bestow on *Jack* (that have often made you laugh)
Against he waxeth old, your Walking-staff :
I will (quoth he) go take it, there it is,
But on condition *Jack*, which shall be this :
If thou do meet with any whilst thou live,
More Fool than thou, the Staff thou shalt him give ;
Master (said he) upon my life I will,
But I do hope that I shall keep it still.
When death drew near, and faintness did proceed,
His Master calls for a Divine with speed,
For to prepare him unto Heavens way,
The Fool starts up, and hastily doth say,
O Master, Master, take your Staff again,
That proves your self the worst Fool of us twain.
Have you now lived some fourscore years and odd,
And all this while are unprepar'd for God ?
What greater Fool can any meet withal ?
Then one that's ready in the Grave to fall,
And is to seek about his soul estate,
When death is opening of the Prison-gate ?
Bear witness Friends, that I discharge me plain,
Here Master, here, receive your Staff again.
Upon the same condition I did take it,
According as you will'd me, I forsake it :
And over and above I will bestow
This *Epitaph*, which shall your folly show.

*Here lies a Man, at Death did Heaven claim,
But in his life he never sought the same.*

Doctor Merry Man : Or,

A Simple Clown in Flanders,
as he Travelling had been,
Having his Wife in company,
came late into his Inn.
A Spanish Souldier being there,
a Guest unto the place,
No sooner saw, but lik'd his Wife,
(she had a comely face.)
And watch'd when they were gone to Bed,
then boldly in comes he,
And never said, Friend, by your leave,
but made their number three.
The Clown lay still, and felt a stir,
but durst not speak for's life,
At length his patience was so mov'd,
he softly jogg'd his Wife,
And said to her; prethee intreat
the Spaniard to be still;
Can I speak Spanish Man (quoth she)
you know I have no skill :
But Husband if you please to rise,
and for the Sexton go,
He understandeth Spanish well,
assuredly I know.
Faith, and I will fetch him straight (quoth he)
and so the Rustick rose,
And softly sneaking out of doors,
about his Message goes.
Mean time, imagine what you will,
to me it is unknown;
But e're her Husband came again,
the Spaniard he was gone :
Which when the simple Man perceiv'd,
he fell to dominter :
O Wife (said he) for Twenty Pound,
I would I had been here.

Nothing but Mirth.

Tell me (Sweet-heart) when I was gone,
how long the Knaave did stay?

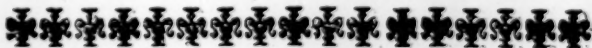
(Quoth she) you scarce were out of doors,
before he ran away.

Wife (quoth the Clown) thou mak'st me laugh,
that I did fear him thus;

Come let us take a little nap,
for his disturbing us.

You see what comes of pollicy,
and good discretion, Wife:

If I had been a hasty Fool,
it might have cost my Life.



I Am a professed Curtezan;
that lives by peoples Sin;
With half a dozen Puncks I keep,
I have good comings in:
Such store of Traders haunt my House,
to find a lusty Wench,
That Twenty Gallants in a Week,
do entertain the French;
Your Courtier, and your Citizen,
your very Rustick Clown,
Will spend an Angel on the Pox,
even ready Money down:
I strive to live most Lady-like,
and scorn those foolish queans,
That do not rattle in their Silks,
and yet have able means;
I have my dainty Musick plays,
when I would take my rest:

Doctor Merry-Man: Or,

I have my Serving-men to wait
upon me in blew Coats,
I have my Oars that do attend
my pleasure with their Boats.
I have my Champions that will fight,
my Lovers that do fawn,
I have my Hat, my Hood, and Mask,
my Fan, my Cobweb-Lawn :
To give my Gloves unto a Gull,
is mighty favour found,
When for the wearing of the same,
it costs him Twenty Pound.
My Garter is a gracious thing,
another takes away,
And for the same a silken Gown
the Prodigal doth pay.
Then comes an Afs, and he forsooth
is in such a longing heat,
My Busk-point even on his knees
with tears he doth intreat :
I grant it to rejoyce the Man,
and then request a thing,
Which is both Gold and precious stone,
the Woodcocks Diamond-Ring.
Another lowly-minded Youth,
Forsooth, my Shooe-string craves,
And that he putteth through his Ear,
calling the rest base Slaves.
Thus fit I fools in humour still,
that come to me for Game,
I punish them for *Venery*,
leaving their Purfes lame.
In *Newgate* some take Lodging up,
till they to *Tyburn* Ride ;
And others walk to *Woodstreet* with
a Sergeant by their side :

Some

Nothing but Mirth.

Some go to *Hounds-ditch* with their Cloaths,
to pawn for Money lending,
And some I send to Surgeons Shops,
because they lack some mending.
Others pass ragged up and down,
all tatter'd, rent, and torn ;
But being in that scurvy case,
their Companies I scorn.
For if they come and fawn on me,
there's nothing to be got ;
As soon as e're my Merchants break,
I swear I know them not :
No entertainment, nor a look
that they shall get of me,
If once I do begin t' perceive,
that out of Cash they be :
All kindneses that I profess,
the fairest shews I make,
Is love of all that comes to me,
for Gold and Silvers sake,
To forward Men, I forward am,
most Frank unto the Free ;
But such as take their wares on trust,
are not to deal with me.
The world is hard, all things are dear,
Good-fellowship decays,
And every one seeks profit now,
in these same hungry days :
Although my Trade in secret be
unlawful to be known,
Yet will I make the best I can,
of that which is my own :
For seeing I do venture fair,
at price of *Whipping* chear,
I have no reason but to make
my Customers pay dear.

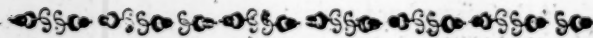
Our :

Doctor Merry-Man : &c.

Our charge beside is very great,
to keep them fine and brave ;
A Whore that goes not gallantly
shall little doings have :
Therefore all things consider well,
our charges, and our danger,
A dayly Friend shall pay as much
as any Term-time stranger.



A Rich Man and a poor did both appear
Before a Judge, an Injury to clear :
The Rich did tell a Tale most tedious long,
Mending, (as he suppos'd,) with Words) the wrong :
And ever when the poor Man would have spoke,
With bold out-facing speech he did him choak :
The woful wight at length could hear no longer,
But boldly rais'd his voice both loud and stronger ;
My Lord (quoth he) pray now bid Dives stay,
And hear but what poor Lazarus can say ;
My Oxe came in his Field, which he doth keep,
And swears for that he'd pay me with a Sheep.



FINIS.

